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AMERICAN ART NEWS

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15-17 East 40th Street
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JAMES B. TOWNSEND, President and Treasurer,
15-17 East 40th Street
REGINALD TOWNSEND, Secretary,
15-17 East 40th Street

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Owing to the disturbance caused by war conditions in the postal service, we cannot guarantee prompt delivery of this journal through the mails. For delays in such delivery, while they should be reported at once to this office we cannot accept blame. The journal is mailed in the General New York Post Office early Friday evening of each week and should reach our N. Y. City and suburban subscribers by Saturday morning, and those at greater distances in proportionate time.

When extra copies of any issue are required, advance notice of the number of copies so required should reach this office at latest by Thursday afternoon of any week. Later orders frequently cannot be filled.

Ryder's "The Tempest" at Boston

With characteristic initiative and enterprise, Messrs. R. C. and W. M. Vose are showing at their Boston gallery a novelty of prime import—no less than the famous but till now obscure canvas, "The Tempest" by the late A. P. Ryder. Shown to the public for the first time, this work makes complete the Ryder trilogy of Shakespearean motives—the "Macbeth and the Witches" (owned by the Metropolitan Museum), the exquisite "Rosalind and Celia" (owned by the Voses) and this brilliantly dramatic spectacle based on "The Tempest." Ryder's great imaginative power, his "terribilata," as Cellini used to say, is a quality coming with amazing celerity into recognition, a quality, which, some admirers say, will place him very shortly in the supreme position as the unrivalled American master. The emotional appeal of Ryder in this canvas is certainly extraordinary. He represents that tense moment when Miranda in the midst of a fearful storm implores her father to still the elements. The great witchery of Ryder's suggestive delineation of form, the haunting beauty of his mysterious shadows, unfathomable depths from which gleam with almost kaleidoscopic scintillation tonal masses compounded seemingly of "crushed jewels", his compositional magicianship and his perfect coordination of all these forces, operate here to most glorious purpose.

In the Vose exhibition also is included that very unusual Winslow Homer watercolor, the "Forebodings", formerly of the Thos. B. Clarke collection. This is a Tynemouth, England, subject, very beautifully colored and skilfully handled, and with that added quality of sympathetic human appeal which Homer is so able to give. Works by Whistler, Fuller, Weir, Murphy, Inness and others are also included in this attractive exhibition.

Three Free Public Library, Park Ave. and 5th St., Hoboken, N. J., is holding an art loan exhibition during the present month.

"ALL'S RIGHT WITH WORLD"

The world war is finished—the long agony of four and a quarter years is over. "God's in His Heaven—All's right with the world."

PEACE AND THE ART WORLD

To the art world the coming of peace at last is naturally as welcome and soul satisfying as to all other worlds of human activity and interest, and from the business viewpoint perhaps even more welcome, for there is possibly no department of human interest which has been more materially injured by the years of conflict than that of art. Only the inspiration of titanic action on the battlefields and the seas, of the noble deeds performed thereon by our own army and navy, as well as those of our Allies (not associates, for Allies they are and ever will be, it is to be hoped, to the American people), and, alas, of the deeds of savagery committed by the beaten and fallen foe, whom we are already asked to commiserate, has kept the flame of art alive among artists, and preserved its love among the thousands to whom it has been a source of delight and an uplift of spirit.

And now comes peace with its message of cheer and goodwill to all those countries and people who have so bravely fought and struggled to vanquish the Beast of Barbarity, and who find themselves at last successful. As we said last week, the very psychology of the times, the natural reaction of the human mind from the horrors of the past should and undoubtedly will turn the attention of a host of people everywhere, save in conquered Germany entering upon her deserved punishment, to the constructive arts of peace, to follow the destructive arts of war, and from this reaction the art world should greatly and soon benefit.

Even the near future is filled with hope for the art world, and it is, as we have endeavored to show, at time for peculiar rejoicing among the lovers of the arts and those who minister unto them.

CORRESPONDENCE

Pennell's Anti-English Attitude

Editor AMERICAN ART NEWS:

Dear Sir: Your reference to Mr. Pennell in the ART NEWS of Nov. 9 reminds me that the *raison d'être* of his antagonism to England, after all the hospitality and courtesy he received there for so many years, has not been disclosed. Has it anything to do with his etchings I wonder, for he has peculiar views upon etchings? It was once my duty to write something about Whistler, and being unable to understand in what respect the etchings of this artist were superior to those of a hundred other artists, I inquired from a friend as to whether anything had been written pointing out the aesthetic value of Whistler's burin work? He referred me to an article in the Burlington (Vol. III, I think) by Mr. Pennell, and on looking this up I found that, according to Mr. Pennell, Whistler did not execute such plates as Rembrandt's "Christ Healing the Sick" and "The Three Trees" because "there was no reason why he should." This eloquent conclusion was about all I could gather on the subject, and I am still no wiser in respect to Whistler.

Yours truly,

G. G.

N. Y., Nov. 12, 1918.

Phila. and the Pennells

Editor AMERICAN ART NEWS:

Dear Sir: I have read with interest and amusement your well considered, entirely just and deserved editorial indictment last week of the patriotism and Americanism

of my native city of Philadelphia—in socially honoring Mrs. Joseph Pennell, wife of the unique "Joe" Pennell, who narrowly escaped expulsion from the Phila. Art Club and was refused a degree by the University of Penna. owing to his bitter, persistent and long continued attacks upon our brave ally, Great Britain, a nation which had long entertained and honored him and his wife, and Mrs. Pennell's own unworthy and scathing criticism of her native city and of Americans in general—by having her act as hostess at the old Penna. Academy reception last Saturday.

I say I read your editorial with interest because it seemed to me most timely and deserved, and with amusement that at this late day the ART NEWS should know so little of Philadelphia and its social customs and limitations as to be ignorant of the fact that patriotism in the Quaker City is largely determined by one's social position, determined, in turn, chiefly by one's family name and the boundaries of Market St. on the north, Pine on the south, and between the Schuylkill and Independence Square. I have failed to notice one comment in a local newspaper on the incident, and yet I have heard it discussed even in the sacred precincts of the Philadelphia and Rittenhouse Clubs and in the Ritz and Bellevue-Stratford tea rooms. I doubt if any local newspaper or writer quite dared, even at such a period as the present, when America shares with her noble and brave Allies in rejoicing over the greatest event in the world's history, to question the action of the Penna. Academy in inviting, or that of the prominent women who seemingly willingly stood at the reception alongside the wife of a man, discredited by his un-American attitude, and her own almost as bad criticism of her fellow townspeople and her countrymen and women in the June North American Review, to which you allude.

No, Mr. Editor, patriotism and Americanism in Philadelphia are not counted in these latter and degenerate days as against a social name and habitat, and this in the city long called "The Cradle of Liberty." Shades of William Penn! The "pity of it." Yours very truly,

A Philadelphian—but a Loyal American.
Phila., Nov. 12, 1918.

The Pennell Case—"Look Out for Ad"

So "Joe" Pennell and his "wifey"
Are still the subject of strife—eh?
And "wifey" braved taunts
In her own "scrapple" haunts
And received at the mossyrown Academy.

With his love for the oft blatant ad.—
For there's "method" when "Joey" gets mad—

He must have "kept smiling"
When "wifey" was "riling"
The burgh which she left when a child.

What matter? if patriots frown
On "slaps" at country and town?
Apostates may scribble or say,
Their words will last but a day,
But the folk who fall down,
Them to honor and crown—
For these it behooves us to pray.
The Quaker Bard.

Phila., Nov. 9, 1918.

"Ars longa, vita breva est"

Editor AMERICAN ART NEWS:

Dear Sir: The last few numbers of your paper have bubbled up my thoughts somewhat, and with your permission I should like to clear away the froth, lest it accumulate to the detriment of my peace of mind. I had intended to pass over Boris Anisfeld, remembering Emerson's remarks upon the people who mistake the accidental for the universal, but who can continue to tread life's silent way after the tremendous pronouncement of the lady of Buffalo: "That anyone, especially Miss Mechlin, should dare to adversely criticise the art of Boris Anisfeld, etc." Has anything finer than, "especially Miss Mechlin" ever been uttered? I am not acquainted with this lady, but who would not desire to know one who is separated from the rest of the world by means of the simple expression "anyone, especially Miss Mechlin"? But, my dear lady of Buffalo, is it wise to cause even Horace to turn in his grave, for did he not dare to say that Homer nodded? Now, I do not know the work of Boris Anisfeld, but obviously from the black and white reproductions, and from your observations upon his coloring, it is broad decorative work, having no connection with the higher art of the painter, however excellent it may be for assisting the arts of the theatre and the dance. It would be absurd, for instance, to put forward the distance landscape, "A Gray Day on the Neva" as a serious work of art, when there is no aerial perspective indicated; and I am sure that no one would venture to suggest that a good picture can be made of a copy of bronze horses.

The point at issue then seems to be the level of Anisfeld's work in the field of art. Do those responsible for the exhibition put the paintings forward as works of high art or as mere decoration to accompany another art? If the former, then the paint-

ings may quite properly be condemned from photographs, because the best coloring in the world cannot make good pictures of inferior designs; but if the works are only intended as color decoration, then, of course, they must be seen before being criticized. Meanwhile, the lady of Buffalo has to support the Medean declaration of surprise above quoted.

It is curious that nearly all the recent American paintings I have seen at exhibitions are landscapes. What is the matter? Not one landscape in fifty carloads lives a generation, and quite 95 per cent. of those painted in the third quarter of the XIX century have now a market value averaging about \$2. At the last exhibition of the Academy of Design most of the prize money went to landscapes. One of these was a picture showing the tops of some Fifth Ave. buildings, with flags flying; and another winner consisted of a thick mass of live and dead upright sticks. In neither case was any land to be seen. A third prize-taker showed some land, but it was adorned with the lifesize portraits of several geese in marching order. Why are the many excellent American portrait and genre painters put into the background, and kept there as far as possible? A good portrait is worth a thousand landscapes of the average type, and if people must have landscapes why don't they unearth some real ones as those of Cole and Church? These are the natural queries of
A Philistine.

N. Y., Nov. 9, 1918.

OBITUARY



Annie Traquair Lang

Annie Traquair Lang, a most promising younger American artist (she was only 33), and the favorite, and one of the most successful pupils of the late William M. Chase, who painted perhaps the most satisfactory portrait of Chase, until lately in the Metropolitan Museum, died Nov. 8, last from pneumonia, following influenza, contracted while she was taking her last instructions at Barnard College for Y. M. C. A. work abroad, and on the eve of her departure for France.

Miss Lang had been painting in San Domingo for over a year and leaves a number of finished oils, and numerous sketches of her work, in the West India island. Returning in September she threw herself into war work with characteristic energy and devotion, abandoning her art for the time. She was a young woman of engaging personality and unusual ability, and sincere was the grief of the friends who attended her funeral in this city Sunday afternoon last.

Miss Lang was born in Phila., Sept. 8, 1885, the daughter of James Traquair Lang and Winona B. (Sewell) Lang, and a granddaughter of George Shortread Lang, the well known engraver. After passing through the James G. Blaine Public School of Philadelphia, she was graduated from the Public Industrial Art School of Phila., where she was awarded a prize and secured a scholarship in the School of Design for Women of Phila. Upon graduation she was awarded the John Sartain Scholarship. She immediately entered the Pa. Academy schools and subsequently won European travelling scholarships for the years 1908 and 1910.

While at the Phila. School of Design for Women, Miss Lang studied in oil with Eliot Dangerfield, and in watercolor with Mr. Henry B. Snell, and later was for some years a pupil of William M. Chase, both here and in Europe.

During the years 1908-1913, Miss Lang studied and traveled abroad. She was represented at the International Exhibition at Rome in 1911, at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition in 1915, and exhibited in Florence and London as well as in the leading American cities.

The Government is giving the preference to range finders produced by artists at the front which embody field conditions. Certain of these have been reproduced.